



The Journey

Cheech was riding along I-90 across Minnesota on his way to Sturgis. He had never been there and had spent the last three years building his scoot (a 1950 pan) too just the way he had dreamed as a kid.

For being August, the weather was really cool, but it's nothing Cheech wasn't used to being from the U.P. Tooling along about 70 was really exhilarating, especially knowing he did not have to be back to work for three weeks. Cheech was a truck driver where he stayed on the road for six weeks at a time, knowing someday he would be sitting in the saddle of that old pan heading down the road.

Cheech stopped for gas in Luverne around 6:00 p.m. where he spotted a lady sitting on the steps of the gas station, looking all alone. When he was finished gassing up, he put the nozzle back in place and headed inside to pay, walking by the lady at first, but on the way out he stopped and asked if she was all right. She lifted her head and with a slight smile said, "yes I'm ok" as her head fell back to a lowered position. Cheech thought for a moment and walked away. As he was about to kick his pride and joy to life he felt a hand on his shoulder. Turning around not knowing what to expect, he saw the lady standing there, looking at him with a blank stare, she tried to get out the right words to say, gave him a half smile, shook her head, turned and walked away.

Cheech went to put the kick stand down and turned back to see her but she was gone. Shaking his head and thinking to himself "that was weird," started the bike and headed to the interstate for he was going to Sturgis and nothing was going to stop him.

About 55 miles down the road Cheech got a chill that ran through his whole body, damn near shaking him off the bike. He pulled to the side of the road and stopped. The only thing that had gone through his mind was that lady back in Luverne that he felt was trying to convey to him something "but what!". For the life of him, he could not get hold of what it was. After awhile he felt more composed and got back on his bike. Just as he was about to kick it over, those same chills came over him again. Now he was shaking, but it was 70 degrees and sunny, not a cloud in the sky, but shaking out of control.

"Damn it" he thought to himself. What's the deal here? He sat on the seat and tried to figure out why all he could think about was that woman. What did it mean? Why did she come up to him? What did she want to say?

Well an hour passed and it was getting dark. From past experience it would get cold real fast after the sun went down. Saying to himself, ok, if I stay here, I'm going to freeze to death, so he started his bike, and he sat there, bike idling. Cheech was thinking, do I go forward and hope there's a room in one of the small towns to rent, or do I head back to Sioux Falls and get a good night's sleep. Deciding to go forward he kicked the bike into gear and headed west.

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